

And there he stood as still as ceu'd be,
To know what Consequences wou'd be,
Laying his Ears as close to'th Glafs,
As Foal when sucking of an Ass.
At last by giving due attention,
He heard his Wife, *Tom's* Name to men-

(tion;

Besides the treach'rous Bed did Totter,
And told the *Cuckold* all the matter :
Which made him mad as Bull or Bear,
When Dogs about 'em Bark and Tear ;
And finding her a common Bitch,
It made him scratch where't didn't Itch :
And tho' he was a Man of Honour,
Swore he wou'd be reveng'd upon her.
And truly if we rightly scan it,
A second *Job* could scarce refrain it :
Suppose, the cause it was my own,
And that my Wife to Lust was Prone,
If I found her in such an Evil ;

Fore *GEORGE*, I'de kick her to the
And really it is not amiss, (Devil.
In such a Desperate case as this ;
For none can say it is a Trifle
When strangers our Dominions Riffle,
'No Laughing matter, nor no Joaking,
For nothing can be more provoking.

But now I'll tell you all the rest on't,
And tho' tis true I'll make a Jest on't,
To give the Proverb its just due,
There's no Jest like to one thats true,

Then to proceed as I have hinted,
The Husband he was so Tormented ;
It push'd him on such hasty Fury,
He'd neither stay for Judge nor Jury :
But (*Febue* like) so fierce he Drove,
As if he'd never been in Love ;
But straight went to a House hard by,
And call'd up all the Family.
Some arm'd with Forks & some with
Staves,

To apprehend the wanton Slaves,
And maul the Gallant and his Trollup,
for riding an unlawful Gallop.
Away they march'd all Cap-a-pee,

Assur'd of Glorious Victory ;
For he that chose to lead the Van
Was very stout, and valiant Man,
Whose Conduct he so well adjusted,
The House was presently Invested ;
Having secur'd the Lanes and Alleys,
Where Enemies might make their Sallies,
Approach'd the Room were they were
sinning,

And knock'd as if the De'il was in him.
Who's there (quoth she) *that knocks so late,*
What can't a Woman rest at quiet ?
The *Cuckold* he reply'd and said,
'Tis I (my Dear) be not affraid,
(Said she) *us Money that you seek,*
My Husband won't come home this Week :
And that which most my Spirit grieves,
Tu'r nothing but a Pack of Thieves.

With that being fraught with Rage &
Anger,

It would not let him wait no longer ;
But with the help of Smith and Hammer
Broke open Door, and in upon her,
When *Tom* by one good happy Leap
Out at the Casement made's Escape.
But Fright and Terror did so blind him,
He left most of his Cloaths behind him,
The Jilt on Naked Knees did fall,
With weeping Tears for's Pardon call ;
But while her Crys were all in vain,
He Drub'd her soundly with his Cane.
(Quoth she) *your Pity I implore,*
For I will ne'er offend you more.
But being void of all remorse,
He was enrag'd worse and worse ;
Says he, *I'll take your Proud Flesh lower,*
Now I have got you in my Power ;
If I should kill you, 'tis no matter,
But you shall Live, on Bread and Water.
Of you I will Example make,
That other Whores may warning take,
I'll sooner Bed with Turk or Jew,
Rather then Live again with you.
He made good, what he said before,
For he did never see her more.

Peace and Dunkirk;

BEING AN

*Excellent New Song upon the Surrender of Dunkirk
to General Hill.*

To the Tune of, *The King shall enjoy his own again.*

SPIGHT of *Dutch* Friends and *English* Foes,
Poor *Britain* shall have Peace at last;
Holland got Towns, and we got Blows,
But *Dunkirk*'s ours, we'll hold it fast:
We have got it in a String,
And the *Whigs* may all go Swing,
For among good Friends, I love to be plain;
All their false deluded Hopes,
Will, or ought to end in Ropes;
But the QUEEN shall enjoy Her own again.

II.

Sunder—d's run out of his Wits,
And *Dismal* double-*Dismal* looks;
Whar—n can only Swear by Fits,
And strutting *Hal*— is off the Hooks;
Old *Godol*—n full of Spleen,
Made false Moves, and lost his QUEEN;
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged Mane:
But a Prince of high Renown,
Swore he'd rather lose a Crown,
Than the QUEEN should enjoy Her own again.

III.

Our Merchant Ships may cut the Line,
And not be snapt by Privateers,
And Commoners who love good Wine,
Will drink it now as well as Peers:
Landed-Men shall have their Rent,
Yet our Stocks rise Cent. per Cent,
The *Dutch* from hence shall no more Millions drain;
We'll bring on us no more Debts,
Nor with Bankrupts fill Gazetts,
And the QUEEN shall enjoy Her own again.

IV.

The Towns we took ne'er did us good,
What signify'd the *French* to beat?
We spent our Mony and our Blood,
To make the *Dutch*-men proud and great:
But the Lord of *Oxford* Swears,
Dunkirk never shall be theirs,
The *Dutch*-hearted *Whigs* may rail and complain;
But true *English* Men will fill,
A good Health to Gen'ral Hill,
For the QUEEN now enjoys Her own again.

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